

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for April 15, 1896.

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SONG

WHEN all the moods had mated, two remained;
Sly Venus smiled upon their destiny
That jocund Joy with grey-eyed Grief ally:
Over her court their child has long since reigned.
PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

THE WAY TO CONSTANTINOPLE

MRS. DENBY poured the tea.
"Now, speaking of Constantinople," Denby began.

Mrs. Denby blushed. I envied Denby.

"Ah, yes," said I, "I have read Gautier, and that is a very good monograph of Marion Crawford's. I was there once myself."

"Were you?" said Mrs. Denby demurely. "Do you take sugar?"

"Oh, tell me!" I began, for I saw I was expected to show some interest.

"Don't, Dick," began Mrs. Denby.

"Oh, it's only Tom," said Denby fondly; but not half so fondly as he had before he had found her, and persuaded her, and—I always have had such bad luck with the woman whom it's worth while trying to marry!

"You see,—it's a silly story. Dick's usually are," began Mrs. Denby.

"Oh, fiddlesticks," said Denby. "Now, you know——"

"Oh, if you must," said Mrs. Denby despairfully.

"Paris was a glare of splendor that February,—after the North Atlantic," Denby went on. "Did you ever leave

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New York of a dismal day of winter fog and a week after find yourself in Havre? The boulevards are gay, the shops resplendent. Paris is a different place from Paris in July,—when hordes of our countrymen swoop down on it like the Huns. It's like the rural visitor doing Fifth Avenue in August, and wondering why New York is so much talked about. But Paris in February is the Paris one dreams of when the word is pronounced, with all its suggestiveness of the world's gaiety. Yet, it was cold that February,—as bitter as in New York; and after coming back one night to my lodging on the Avenue Carnot, where the cab was unable to make its way because of the frozen sleet on the smooth paving of the hill the Avenue des Champs Elysees climbs,—that night I concluded I had not intended exchanging New York for wintry unpleasantness, and decided to go to Constantinople. Constantinople, where I had never been, seemed so far away, and I did not know that it, too, could be bleakly dismal in the spring. The next morning I booked on the Orient Express. That evening I was snugly put away in my compartment, and the morning after was looking on a Bavarian landscape."

"You always were impulsive," Mrs. Denby interrupted.

"Yes; nothing proves that more than my conduct the next morning at breakfast in the dining-car. I appeared late. The place was crowded. A very pretty girl——"

"Did you really think so then?" said Mrs. Denby.

"Oh, I did, or else I should n't have taken the seat opposite beside a little chap who was ogling and embarrassing her dreadfully."

"Such a man's horrid," commented Mrs. Denby.

"I saw at once he was one of those little Parisians, whose kind I know well, who in some way lose their appropriateness when transplanted. For I knew at once they were not acquaintances. The girl appeared alone, English or

American—I could not be certain. Now, I was sure the man was objectionable,—not quite a gentleman,—or, if he had been, he had distorted the quality.”

“Now you need n’t explain,” said Mrs. Denby. “My honest opinion is that you took the seat for exactly the same reason as he, because——”

“Because the girl was pretty?” said Denby.

“I did n’t say she was,” Mrs. Denby hastened to add.

“‘I beg pardon, Monsieur,’ said I to the man, when he glared. Presently the Swiss brought the young lady’s bill, when a strange agitation appeared in my vis-à-vis. I saw and felt for her. She had no money. She probably had her ticket, but had lost her purse. She did not attempt to go back to the Wagon Lit.

“‘I am going to Constantinople,’ she said.

“‘I beg pardon, Madame,’ began the Swiss.

“‘Cannot the bill——?’

“‘I am sorry, Mademoiselle,’ said the Swiss, and he looked desolated, with a contrary gleam in his eye.

“Here the man by my side dropped from the category of the gentleman to that of the cad.

“‘If Mademoiselle will allow me,’ he began eagerly.

“I leaned under the table, pretending to pick up a purse, which I really took from my pocket.

“‘I think this is your purse,’ I said in English.

“For an instant she scanned me. The Frenchman looked daggers. She was blushing.

“‘Thank you,’ said she, and I knew she was an American; ‘how stupid of me to have dropped it.’

“And from my purse she paid the bill, nodded to me, ignoring the Frenchman, and without further word left the buffet.

“The particular French cad evidently wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and for a moment I was debating with my-

self whether I might not have been an ass. A fool's money goes the way of his scanty wit. The girl might appear pretty, innocent, attractive—and yet——? I swallowed my coffee, and returned to my compartment, which I had to myself. The door was open. Presently I saw the young woman of the breakfast table walking up and down the aisle. I was determined I should not notice her. Suddenly I heard her voice at the door.

“‘Sir, what can you think of me? But I could n't help it, really,—I have lost my purse. Here is yours; I will return the six francs at Constantinople.’

“‘I saw a tear; and I was sure my knowledge of femininity——”

“‘Conceited,” said Mrs. Denby.

“‘Could not be at fault,” Denby continued. “‘I bowed.

“‘‘I'm glad to be able to make the loan——’ I began.

“‘‘It's good of you,’ said she.

“‘‘But if you have lost all your money, I do n't see——’

“‘‘What?’

“‘‘How can you avoid borrowing more?’

“‘That man at the table made me feel so detestably,’ she began.

“‘‘Oh, you must n't mind?’

“‘And you really are so nice—— What do you know about me?’

“‘‘Oh, I can tell.’

“‘‘I think you generally can,’ said she.

“‘‘Is n't that interesting?’ said I, pointing out of the window at some peasants in the field.

“‘‘Ah, yes!’ said she.

“‘‘May I sit down?’ said I.

“‘We had reached her seat.

“‘‘Why, certainly, I shall be glad to have you.’

“‘‘How does it happen?’ I began after a moment.

"'Oh, here 's your purse,' she interrupted.

"'Now, really, please. It won't inconvenience me in the least. There are only five louis there, and I have my portemonnaie besides, and——'

"'And?'

"'I believe I said I should I be delighted.'

"'Oh, you did, but you began a——'

"'What?' said I, feeling uncomfortable.

"'A question. I know what it was.'

"'Well, if you do——?'

"'I'm from Illinois. We do n't regard chaperones as so necessary; besides——'

"'Besides?' I could n't resist saying.

"'I believe women should take care of themselves.'

"'But they can't——always.'

"'You mean——?' she began rather indignantly.

"'Well,—well,—they sometimes have to borrow, you know.'

"'That 's,—that 's mean of you.'

"'Oh, I—I beg pardon.'

"'You need n't. I wish I could return your six francs. I am going to Constantinople to meet my father, who is up from the east. I went all alone—because—there was nobody.'

"'I'm sorry,' said I. 'Now do n't mind me, please.'

"'She looked at me then.

"'I suppose I shall have to tolerate you. You are the only American on this train.'

"'I consider myself your guardian,—with letters testamentary.'

"'I am forced to it,' said she, but smiling."

"Now, she did n't smile," said Mrs. Denby.

"'Oh,' said I, 'this is deliciously lucky. I thought I should have this ride alone.'

"At this moment—for some time had passed—the Swiss announced luncheon, which she——"

"How horridly forward it all sounds," interrupted Mrs. Denby.

"Which she took with me."

"Oh, dear, I wonder at it," said Mrs. Denby.

"She had to," said Denby.

"Yes, of course, you had the money," said Mrs. Denby.

"Well, she tolerated——"

"That's the word, I think," assented Mrs. Denby.

"We walked the station at Vienna. We took an ice at Buda-Pesth. We wondered about Queen Nathalie at Bucharest. We bought beads at Sofia. We shivered over the Bulgarian soldiers squatting on the platform against Turkish banditti. I told her how an Orient Express had been held up the autumn before, a Frankfort banker abstracted, and his ears sent to his counting-house with a request for a gold payment or else his tongue would follow."

"That was horrid of you," said Mrs. Denby.

"Well, at Constantinople, her father was not there."

"It was terrible," said Mrs. Denby.

"But I knew the American Consul's wife, who took in the situation."

"It was very nice of her," said Mrs. Denby.

"We roamed about the Pera; sentimentalized in San Sofia; bargained——"

"With your money," said Mrs. Denby.

"In the bazars. We rode in a palanquin, and drove to the Sweet Waters of Europe, danced at the Russian Legation, —where she was irresistible."

"Your eyes!" said Mrs. Denby, with severe sarcasm.

"One day her father appeared. She counted out three louis——"

"And five francs sixty centimes," said Mrs. Denby.

"'That is n't all,' said I.

"'Why, let me see,' she began.

"'It is n't all,' said I. 'There 's my heart.'"

"It was a very silly speech—not at all original," said Mrs. Denby. "I should think you would be ashamed to repeat it—before visitors. But, Mr. Pemberton, you have n't told me whether you take sugar?"

"Sugar, thanks," said I. "That 's a good story. It reminds me of an episode in Hunter's novel——"

"This is a better story," said Denby.

"Dick!" said Mrs. Denby, looking at him with sudden earnestness. "Do you mean that,—now!"

I felt, as is often the case lately, the superfluous bachelor. I went to call on Sally Waters.

CLINTON ROSS.

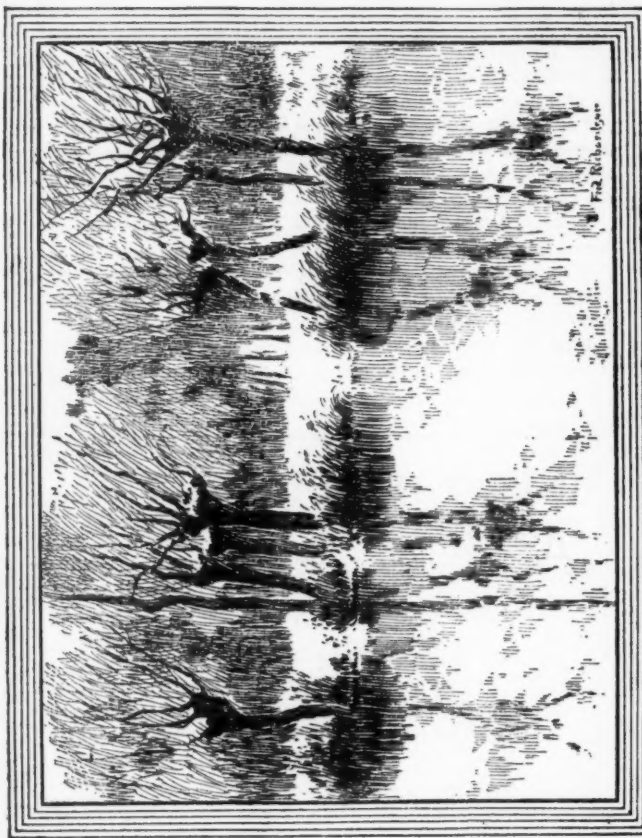
SONG OF THE SEA CHILDREN

AS if the sea's eternal rote
Might cease to set remembrance wild,
The breezy hair, the lyric throat,
Were given to the surf-born child.

And the great forest found a voice
For her along the brookside brown,
That bids the purple dusk rejoice,
And croons the golden daylight down.

BLISS CARMAN.





LE PAYS DES IMPRESSIONISTES

DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON

THE SCHOOL OF JINGOES

IN a certain colored regiment there was a chaplain who was habitually called by the negroes, with their usual gift at lucky misnomers, "Mr. Chapman." He was very fond of risky adventures, and one of the negroes once said: "Woffor Mas' Chapman made preacher fo'? He's de fightin'est mos' Yankee I ebber see in all my days!" It is impossible not to read this in reading what is written by these friends of peace, who are constantly using the olive branch for a war club and hammering away at those who think differently. The excellent Mr. Angell, in the last number of *Our Dark Friends*, announces in one column that the object of his paper is "the humane education of the millions," and in another column that it is to be wished "that England had not only Venezuela, but every other Spanish-speaking colony on the face of the earth." In this manner, more prosaically, do Mr. Edward Atkinson and Mr. Edward D. Mead hold it up as the highest desideratum for every part of Spanish and Portuguese America to pass into English hands. Grant the force of all their arguments, can this be regarded as the gospel of serenity and brotherly love? It rather recalls Heine's glowing description of one of his early teachers, one Schramm, who had written a book on Universal Peace, and in whose classes the boys pummelled each other with especial vigor.

If jingoism there be on earth, where are its headquarters, its normal school, its university extension system? Where, pray, but in the example of England? No one who has watched the course of things at Washington can help seeing the influence of that vast object-lesson. Seeley's book, "The Expansion of England," is of itself enough to demoralize a whole generation of Congressmen. It is the trophies of Great Britain which will not allow Lodge and

Roosevelt to sleep. Logically, they have the right of it. If it be a great and beneficent thing for England to annex, by hook or crook, every desirable harbor or island on the globe; to secure Gibraltar by a trick, India by a lucky disobedience of orders, Egypt by a temporary occupation of which the other end never arrives, why not follow the example? This impulse lay behind the whole Hawaiian negotiation; it asserts itself in all the Venezuela interference, in all the Cuban imbroglio. Moreover, it is absolutely consistent and defensible, if England is, as we are constantly assured, the great beneficent and civilizing power on the earth. If so, let us also be beneficent; let us proceed to civilize; let us too, say, especially to all Spanish-speaking peoples, "*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue!*"

If there ever was a Church Militant, surely England is the Nation Militant. While we debate a gun-boat, she equips a fleet; while we introduce a bill for an earth-work, and refer it to a committee, she forwards ten additional guns to Puget Sound. "Her march is o'er the mountain wave," as Campbell long since boasted; and yet, whenever the youngest statesman asks why we should not be allowed to take a faltering step after her, he is treated as if he had violated the traditions of the human race and had indeed brought death into the world and all our woe. Let us at heart be consistent. To me, I confess, the old tradition of "an unarmed nation,"—about which that good soldier, Gen. F. A. Walker, once made so fine an address,—still seems the better thing. But the unarmed nation is the condemnation of England; if defencelessness is right, then England is all wrong, and we should say so. We can by no possible combination be English and pacific at the same time.

Above all, it seems to me an absolute abandonment of the whole principle of republican institutions to say that they are for one nation alone, and for only those who speak one

language. If deserving means anything, it means that sooner or later all will grow up to it. Nobody doubts that the Romans governed well and were the best road-builders on this planet; but all now admit that it helped human progress when they took themselves out of England and left those warring tribes to work themselves out of their dark condition into such self-government as they now possess. There was a time on this continent when Mexico was such a scene of chaos that the very word "to Mexicanize" carried a meaning of disorder. Yet what State of the Union has shown more definite and encouraging progress than has been accomplished in Mexico within the last ten years? What Mexico is, every Spanish-American or Portuguese-American state may yet be, only give it time and a fair chance. If we believe that the principle of self-government is unavailable for those who speak Spanish, we might as well have allowed Maximilian to set up his little empire undisturbed. No one ever doubted that Louis Napoleon knew how to build good roads and to shoot straight; and perhaps he might have taught the same arts to his representative. Whatever injury we may before have done to Mexico, we repaid it liberally when we said to Europe, "Hands off," and secured to that Spanish-American state its splendid career of self-development out of chaos. What Mexico has done the states of South America may yet imitate.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

MAD-TOWN

DID you ever hear of Mad-Town,
A town I wot of well?
How once men called it glad-town
And what the folk befell?

Of yore, the place was like to other towns,
Where old and young and seemly men and clowns
Lived out their lives ; and maidens smiled or broke
 Deep hearts, or were bespoke.
Where tiny children sported midst the downs,
Weaving of flowers or bringing in the May,
 Merry the live-long day.
And matrons most demure, with upbound hair,
Did household tasks and wept betimes for care ;
While Shrunk-shanks sat still and took their sunning,
 And watched the youngers running.

II

Until, one morn, just as the night-lorn East
Turned into rose that wine sheds at a feast,
A stranger came, bearing an instrument
With carvings strange besprent,
And stood and played : the lordliest and the least
About the streets, afield, or housed at home
 Stopt, and might not roam.
Stopt, and light ran over all their faces,
Yea, blest them in their places.
And as the minstrel, playing soft and sweet,
Waxed loving in his work, lo ! many feet
Kept rhythmic time, and bodies swayed, and hands
 Were claspt for dancing-bands.
And e'en the little ones, too wee to beat
The perfect dance-time through its cadences,
 Were rhythmic in their glees ;
One old man, too, albeit bent with eld,
Rose up in raptures never to be quelled
And cast afar his staff, to hobble gayly,
 As he had done it daily.

III

The player played right on, tune chasing tune,
Until the clocks rang out, high noon ! high noon !
Then sudden vanished, sprang into the air,
Or sank through earth, ere any were aware :
And O ! the change, the sorry, woful swoon
From joyance that was rife ere-while he went
And ceased his blandishment !
Each face grew stony first, then vacant-eyed,
And gibberish loud laughter rose and died
To silence worse, like damnéd spirits striving
Against their Fate's contriving.

IV

And though this happed full many years ago,
And one might deem they had forgot it so,
Forgot the minstrel and his coming-time,
As one forgets a rhyme :
The good folk of the town forever show
This strange wild grieving after what is dead
In what the music said.
Until men call them mad : They neither reap
Nor sow, nor buy nor sell, but only sleep ;
Or, waking, roam with head aside, as trying
To catch some sound adying.

This is the tale of Mad-Town,
A town I wot of well ;
How once men called it glad-town,
And what the folk befell.

RICHARD BURTON.



ONE VOICE ALONE

Words by
WM. MARC CHAUVENET.
Allegretto.

Music by
HARRIET P. SAWYER.

Since ap - ple-blos-soms scent the air, And

birds a - long the hed-ge sing, And banks are green that late were bare, Some

hearts I know are glad with Spring. For

I re-mem-ber long a - go, Long ere the win-ter would de-part, While

yet the banks were cold with snow, Spring would a - wa - ken in my heart.

But now the fair - est blooms may blow, A

thou - sand flut - ter - ing birds may sing, Still in my heart a - hides the snow—

One voice a - lone can wa - ken Spring.

Cres.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

I

“PLEASE, Mr. John,” said Mary the servant, “Master’s sent me for ye; he’s above in the front parlour. An’—”

“What does he want?” asked Mr. John, and raised his eyes. “Tell him I’m busy.”

“I did, Sur. I said the machine was smashed an’ ye wur fixin’ it; but he only roared at me. I’d go, Mr. John; ‘deed I wid.”

“What the sorrow now?” said John, and put down his wrench on the stones of the yard. “Roared ye say, Mary?”

“Ay. Och, Sur, spake him fair; do n’t anger him worse. I know what ails him. *Her* mother was here a while ago—it’s that, Mr. John.”

“Ay!” said John, and his face darkened. “Ay! An’ what the divil brought *her* here?” He rose from his knees, turned down his shirt-sleeves over his brown arms, then took his sleeved waistcoat from the pole of the mowing machine and buttoned it on. “Did she stay long, Mary?” asked he.

“No, Sur; only a wee while—but I heerd words.”

“Ay,” said John, and turned towards the kitchen door. “Oh, just so!”

“Ye’ll spake him fair, Mr. John?” said Mary the servant, and ventured to lay her hand on his arm. “Och, ye will, Sur! Ye know I’d—we’d be sorry to lose ye, Sur.”

John hung on his heel for a step, and looked down at his little well-wisher standing bare-headed and bare-footed in her rags and tatters.

“Oh, ay,” he said, and laughed. “Oh, ay. Never fear, Mary; I’ll speak him fair, true an’ fair as a die. An’ I’m thankful to you, me girl, for the hint ye gave me; it’s as well to know. Ay, it is.”

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Then his face fell solemn again, and, with his hands clasped across his body, he went in through the kitchen and along the red-flagged hall into the front parlour.

James Hewitt was sitting in an old leather armchair reading from a newspaper. A man of about sixty-five he was, gray-headed, swarthy, large-limbed, strong of face, a fine specimen of your Ulster Protestant farmer and the living image of what you would expect his son John to be when time had added another forty or so to the sum of his years.

"Ye wanted me?" asked John from his place by the door, where he stood fumbling with his cap. His father lowered his newspaper and looked at him over the rims of his spectacles; then raised the sheet again as if to read.

"Yes," answered he, "I did. You'd better sit down."

"I'd rather stand—I'm waitin'." Both the words and the manner in which they were spoken were disrespectful; very seldom had child of his dared venture so to speak in the presence of James Hewitt. For once, however, the words passed unrebuked.

"Have ye mended the machine?" came from behind the newspaper.

"No—nor wo n't! Is that all?" Clearly John Hewitt expected a storm, and was for brewing it at once.

"Won't? Won't?" cried his father wrathfully. "What d'ye mean, Sir? Have ye come here to defy me?"

"That's as maybe. I meant I could n't mend it."

"Then why did n't ye say so?"

"It's no odds. I'm waitin', I say. I know what I'm here for, so ye may as well say your say at once."

The two men eyed each other for a moment, straight and steadily. Along the deep lines of the father's face anger was swiftly flushing; in John's eyes a defiant obstinacy was fast seated.

"Oh! ye know, do ye?" the father began. Then, all

suddenly, broke out: "How dare ye disobey me, Sir! Did n't I tell ye, last time I spoke to ye about this, that ye were to give up your—your foolishness wi'—wi' that hussy over there? Did n't I, Sir?"

"Ye did."

"Well?"

"Well, I did n't choose to obey ye. Why should I? A man can do as he likes, I suppose?" John made a quick step away from the door. "Look here, father," said he—and his voice came low and solemn—"let's be plain an' have done, for God's sake! It goes against me to be doin' what ye do n't like; but that can't be helped, it seems. Ye bid me to give up Rachel Hoey, an' to have no more to do wi' her. Well, I have n't given her up—because I could n't; an' I won't give her up—because I can't, so help me God! Ye may say your worst, father, an' do it; but there's my say, as plain as I can put it."

The young man put his back against the door, folded his arms, and so standing, with his eyes steadily fixed on the wall before him, waited for the words of his fate. Very soon they came, swiftly, wrathfully, with gathering force at every sentence. James Hewitt was obliged to his son for his plain speaking and dutiful conduct and grateful reward for all that had been done for him. It was always pleasant for a father to find his children thwarting and defying him and insulting his grey hairs.

"I do n't want to defy ye, Sir," said John, and spoke more dutifully than he had yet done; "an' I do n't think I've insulted ye."

"But ye have, Sir," his father went on; "ye have insulted me, spoke to me like a plough-boy. Be God, Sir, for two pins I'd flog ye!"

John smiled. "It's too late for that, now," said he; "those days are past."

"Ay! they 're past, ye think," cried the old man; "they 're past, an' so ye defy me. But they 're not past, I tell ye; I'm master i' me own house yet, thank God! an' if I can't strap ye I can sack ye. Ye hear that? I told ye before what I'd do. I said if ye had any more doin's wi' them Hoeys, if ye did n't shun their house, if ye didn't renounce the arts o' that little jade, I'd——"

"She's no jade, father," said John quietly. "Even from you I'll not hear that."

"But ye will hear it, Sir! Ye knew, I told ye myself, that no Hoey'd ever call himself my friend; that between them an' me there never could be anything but hatred. They're a pack of rogues an' liars, one an' all; there never was one of them yet fit to carry rags to a beggarman. An' yet—yet ye tell me ye'll marry that jade! An ye send her mother here to speak for ye!"

"I did n't send her," said John. "I knew nothing of it."

"She came—that's enough; I want to know no more. An' now *you* come, an' forgetful o' all I've done for ye, you ungrateful scoundrel!—ye say ye'll defy me an' keep on wi' your devices; that ye *will* do what you like; that ye *will* marry this girl; that ye do n't care for what I say. Do n't ye? Look ye here, John; here's a plain word for ye: Are ye or are ye not goin' to do my biddin'?"

"Ye mean give Rachel up?"

"I do."

"No."

"Then out ye go! I disown ye. From this day on you're no son o' mine. Ye hear?"

"I do."

"I'll curse the day ye were born. I'll cut ye off wi' a shillin'. Wait!" The old man rose from his chair, crossed the room, and opening a safe which stood in the corner, took therefrom a folded paper. "Ye see that?" he

cried, and faced John again. "Ye see that? It's my will, an' in it I've left ye all I possess. Well"—and he took the paper between both hands—"here's your last chance. Take back your word an' it stands; say the word an' I flitter it. Come!"

"Flitter," said John, and the will went in pieces over the floor.

"It's the last o' ye," shouted James; "take yourself off—I disown ye. Out o' me sight!" But John stood firm with his back against the door and his arms still folded.

"Very well," said he, and the words came slowly as from a tongue striving for calmness. "Very well, I'll go, an' may neither o' us rue this day. But I'll say this—"

"Ye'll say nothin'. Me solemn curse on ye! Out ye go!"

John stepped forward.

"But I will speak, father," he said; "for it's my right, an' you're unjust. What have I done? Fell in love wi' a girl. What do I want? Only to marry her. It's true ye have an old grudge against her kind; but what harm did *she* ever do ye? I wanted nothin' o' ye only to be left alone. An' for that ye curse me an' disown me! Ye might ha' kept your breath to cool your porridge. I'll leave your house in welcome; an' may your curses come home." John stopped suddenly. "No," he went on; "I'll not say it—for cursin' is the work o' the devil. But as the word comes so I take it." He held out his hand, "Good-bye."

His father turned away.

"Ye won't shake hands? Come, father, an' may God forgive us!"

But the old man said not a word; and the next moment saw the door closed between father and son.

II

John took his coat from a peg in the hall, and without

more ado (without a glance, even, through the passage door into the kitchen where, all tearful, stood a little bare-footed figure) went out through the front door. He was homeless, now, and penniless; the wide world was before him; where should he go? He looked away across the fields, towards the place where dwelt the maid of his heart, the maid for whom he had just foregone so much. Ah! over there was a friend awaiting him, a friend true as steel, whose own dear self was worth all else in the world. . . . All else! Was she worth it all—those broad acres lying below there rich in crop and fat pasture, the cattle feeding on the hills, the orchard over there with the sunlight shimmering through the branches, the garden beyond the hedge big and bountiful; the great old-fashioned farm-house at his back, with its warm thatch and clinging ivy and little low-ceiled rooms? All that was his inheritance. In sight of it he had been born and reared; it was his, every acre, every stone of it—only for Rachel. “Is she worth it?” he asked himself, as, turning, he made straight down the lawn, and coming presently to a newly mown meadow, there flung himself on the cool grass. “Is she worth it all?” he repeated over and over. “Yes, yes,” his heart answered, “she is worth it all, worth the whole world to you, John Hewitt.” . . . Had he done wisely? Would it not have been better to have taken Mary the servant’s advice, and have spoken his father patiently and fairly, to have thrown himself on his forbearance and forgiveness; at least not so entirely to have ruined his chances? He had acted impulsively, obstinately; Rachel was worth all the world—still (thought this unromantic son of a high-handed father) there was no need for a man to make a fool of himself for her sake. No, no; all that was true; but what other way was there? Had he gone on his bare knees to his father, he would only have been cursed all the sooner. Ah! he knew that hot-hearted, stubborn old man:

wild horses would not move him ; you might as well call the moon from the sky as ask James Hewitt to change his mind. . . . No, there was no other way ; his bed was made and he must lie on it ; for weal or woe the world was before him, empty of all but his own self and that little girl over there beyond the hills. Ah ! but she was everything, everything : a bonnie lass, the pride of his heart. She was everything ; let him go seek comfort and encouragement at her hands.

With this great yearning for sympathy close at his heart, John about nightfall set out across the Gortem country, and in a while came to a thatched farm-house set low in the hollow of the hills. A garden, enclosed by a painted fence, and full (just then in the peaceful gloaming) of the heavy odours of old-fashioned cottage flowers, lay in front ; and at the gate, soberly clad in a fresh print gown, stood Rachel. Her face lit up at sound of his step, and at sight of his wished-for face ; surely a bonnie lass was she—bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, a blessed vision, you would have said, for any disconsolate lover cast out into the hollow of an empty world.

John quickened his step along the path by the orchard hedge, and, with his hands out, came soon to the little gate and his sweetheart standing there waiting for his greeting. Ah ! how glad he was to see her, to hear her voice ! Never before had her face shone out more winsome or her hand clasped his with a warmer pressure of welcome. His heart was full of a great thankfulness for her dear presence and love. Ah ! it was great, great ; worth all the world, that moment there with Rachel in his arms.

Presently he took her hand, led her into the orchard, and there, under the spreading branches of an old apple-tree, sat down beside her.

"Well, Rachy," said he all suddenly, "it's come at last."

"What, John?"

"The word to go. Father an' myself had a talk a while ago. We—we—'T was an angry scene."

"Oh, John!"

"Ay, Rachy, me girl, the world's before us. I've nothin' now in the world but you, *acusbla*; only you, me girl. But it's enough, is n't it, Rachy? Eh! Isn't it?"

Rachel dropped her eyes and began twisting her ring round her finger. "Yes, John," answered she, "I suppose so. But you'll tell me about this affair wi' your father! Who—how did it begin?"

So John, without mentioning just then the unfortunate visit Mrs. Hoey had paid to his father that morning (a visit which, as he well knew, Rachel had neither prompted nor encouraged, but which was only the well-meant manœuvre of an anxious mother), and without much exaggeration—for John was a modest man and no artist in the science of words—told his sweetheart the story of his interview with his father, its beginning, progress, disastrous close.

"It was to be," said John, "it was to be. I knew surely when Mary—when I set foot inside the parlour and saw his face that it was all over wi' me. It's been comin' for months; did n't I tell him months back, Rachel, that I would n't give ye up? An' did n't he know the kind o' me? He was only waitin' to see what I'd do; he wanted to be quit o' me. What kind is he?"

"Oh, it's all a mistake!" cried Rachel; and John, not heeding, went on—

"What kind is he?" asked he, and spread his hands. "How could he do such a thing? His own flesh an' blood! Turn me out, fling me out, disown his own son! For what? Because I choose my own wife for myself; because I, a grown man, refused to do his biddin'; because you an' yours were n't to his likin'! An' to curse me!" shouted John, and

flashed into anger as swift and hot as any ever born of James his father—"curse me, his own flesh an' blood! Ah! may God repay——" Rachel caught his arm with both hands.

"No, no, John!" cried she. "No, no! I'm not worth that."

"But ye are," answered he, his wrath suddenly falling, "ye are, *acusbla*; worth all in the world. Never heed, my lass, never heed; let the curses go an' all else with them. I've got you, Rachy. Eh, Rachy? I've got you, an' you've got me, an' together we'll face the world. Won't we, deary? Look at me, Rachel, look at me. Ye do care for me?"

She looked up frankly at him.

"Ye need n't ask that, John," said she. "Ye know I'd go to the ends o' the earth wi' ye. Only——"

"Only what, Rachel?"

Her eyes fell again.

"Only ye know, John, I do n't like this between you an' your father. It's wrong—oh, more than wrong!"

"Let that go," said John, and took her hands in his. "Let that go; 't was to be. We'll manage, never fear. I'll work the hands off me to serve ye; we'll manage. Maybe, in a year or two, I'd have more land an' better than what's gone."

"Oh, it's not that, John; it's not that! I do n't mind the loss, or what's before us, or— It's not that. It's you being sent away—sent away wi' a curse on ye; it's this between you an' your father, an' because I'm the cause of all! Oh, it's wrong, it's wrong!"

"Ah, whisht, Rachel; whisht, woman dear! It's nothin'. Sure we'll all get used to it; an' sure ye would n't have had me give ye up? Ye would n't have had me put father an' the land an' the rest all before you? Eh, Rachy?"

"No, no; but it's wrong, wrong. John, it must n't be, it

won't be. Sooner than have such a thing on my soul, I'd go—go, an' never see ye again."

"Never see me again?" repeated John. He caught her face between his two hands and turned it up till it was close to his. "What's all this, Rachel?" he asked.

"I mean it, John."

"Ye mean what?"

"I won't come between you and your father, John; I won't have ye cursed an' turned out of home, an' have you an' yours made a by-word in the country. Oh! can't ye see how foolish, an' miserable, an' wicked it all is? Can't ye see how sorry ye would be before long, an' how angry ye would be wi' me, an' the struggle we'd have, the misery——"

John drew back his hands.

"Ah! that's it," said he, and (as lovers will, particularly your hot-headed kind) quickly changed from sweet to bitter; "that's it! Ye're afraid to face the world wi' me, afraid o' the struggle an' the misery—that's what ye care for me?"

"John," said the girl, "don't be angry wi' me; try to see things as I do. God knows my heart is sore, but—but what can I do? Ye know—ye know how I care for ye—more than heaven an' earth. Ye know the sore trial it is to me to have to say this——"

"No, I do n't," cried John; "I know no such thing. I've given up all for your sake. I come to ye for help an' comfort, an' ye turn from me!"

"I do n't, I do n't, John! I want ye to do right an' to do right myself. Oh! surely, surely, John, there's some other way? Surely in time your father would see an' forgive me, and take the curse off you?"

John jumped up and caught her hands, and pulled her to her feet.

"See here, Rachel," said he, "let's understand each other. Ye've heard what I said, ye know father, ye know me, an'

what 's before us. Are ye afraid? Or are ye going' to give me up?"

"I can't do wrong, John."

"Answer! Will ye marry me or will ye not?"

"Oh, John, I can't, I can't!"

He dropped her hands, turned and looked out over the hills—the hills which but a few hours ago had shone so hopefully, and which now lay black beneath the hopeless night. Just to think of it! Over there a lost inheritance; at his back a faithless, heartless sweetheart; here, under the pitiless sky, himself, homeless and friendless? And that was the end? Good God! Again he turned and stretched out his arms.

"I give ye one more chance," he cried. "Rachel Hoey, as I am, will ye marry me?"

There came back no answer except the sound of a broken sob; and, mastered by black anger, John flung the reins to his tongue. This was the end of all. So much for woman's word and vows! Oh! but it had long been coming. She never cared for him. She had long wished to give him the go-by. There was someone else—someone who was n't an outcast and a beggar. Did he not see it? Who had sent her mother to anger his father and bring things to a climax? Ah, ah, let her whist!

"Ye need n't talk," cried John, this angry, foolish John, "I know ye sent her. Ye want me to go. This is your chance! Well, I'll oblige ye. From this night ye see my face no more. Ye hear that? An' *you've* done it, Rachel Hoey, mind ye. Of your own will ye've done it. Ah! the fool I was to trust your false, fickle face! May God forgive ye—may God forgive ye!"

And with that John turned, and closing his ears to the pitiful cry which came to him from the lovers' seat beneath the old apple-tree, "Oh, John, John, come back, come back!" went out wrathfully into the night.

III

For long, in that night of misfortune, John wandered aimlessly through the silent fields, now cursing his fate, now muttering dark vows of vengeance, now, as the monstrous demon of his anger tore at his breast, shouting fiercely and shaking his clenched hand at the solemn stars; at last, near the time of dawn, he found himself in the yard of his father's house.

For a moment his anger went. How came he there? he thought. He had no right now to a stone beneath his shoe in that yard; what devil of torture had led his feet thither? With an oath, he turned and slowly went down the lane towards the road; then at the gate, remembering that at least he had a right to his own, wheeled suddenly back, boldly crossed the yard, and lifted the latch of the kitchen door.

Much to his surprise the door yielded. Very cautiously (for all his angry boldness) John stepped on tip-toe into the kitchen. Not a sound was there; not a sound as he opened the passage-door and slipped up the stairs. Oh! home of John Hewitt's childhood, thus to have him enter you and, like a thief, go slinking for his own! You were born there, John; there your mother died; there your father sleeps whose face you have vowed never more to see; through the long days of your youth and early manhood it sheltered you. Now, like a thief, you glide through it; and only that little despised Mary up there in her bare attic has ear or care for you! And it is all for the sake of a maiden—a maiden who has turned from you, my poor, angry outcast!

Once in his room, John quickly changed his clothes, took his little store of money from a drawer, and noiselessly (for all his anger and bravery) started downstairs. On the landing he passed his father's door; it was open, and he peeped into the room. The dawn had come pale and ghostly;

there on his bed his father lay asleep. He could see the old white head, the texts on the wall, the open Bible on the dressing-table with the spectacles lying across the leaves; the shelf in the corner with its scanty stock of books and long rows of medicine-bottles. The demon plunged in John's breast. How could his father sleep there so calmly and his own son an outcast in the world—a friendless, angry outcast, obliged to sneak like a thief in search of his own! Oh, it was damnable! On tip-toe John entered. Black anger was on his soul; the demon was shouting "Vengeance!" There—there, snug and asleep, lay the cause of all his trouble. "Vengeance! Vengeance!" cried the demon. "Now is your time! A sudden blow—a sudden, swift blow——"

The first ray of sunlight shot across the dark counterpane and turned to the colour of blood there before the young man's eyes. Blood! Murder! Good God! The word was blazoned all round the room. His hands flashed red before his face; with a cry of a stricken animal, he turned swiftly, ran down and out of the house.

And soon after a little black figure also went out and followed in his footsteps.

Hardly knowing whither he went, and not much caring, John made across the fields, and before long struck the Bunn Road. The sun was risen; its strong, fresh rays smote him with utter weariness. Presently he broke through the hedge, stretched himself in the shade of a haycock, and soon was fast asleep. And close by that little figure in black watched and waited.

About mid-day John woke, sat awhile in deep thought, thinking, no doubt, above all things, though not half as much as when, once more his right self, he was bound to think, of that horrible temptation which had come to him but a few hours before. At last he rose and once more took to the

road. He was hungry and weary; the day was bright and gracious, but left him spiritless; in his breast anger was already well-nigh dispossessed before the stress of a fine spirit of utter and hopeless recklessness; an hour or two brought him to Bunn town, climbing white and straggling up from the tumbling river; there quickly he sought meat and drink.

At that time a disastrous war was draining these islands of their manhood; and through most of our towns (through those, at all events, which, like Bunn, boasted a barracks among its public buildings) recruiting sergeants stalked proudly in scarlet and ribbons. That day the quick eye of the Bunn sergeant, as he sat in the bar-parlour of the Diamond Hotel, winding his silver tongue into the dull ear of some gaping yokel, fell upon our outcast sitting forlorn over his meal in the corner. Here was his man, thought he; soon, having hooked his innocent, he was busy spreading the roll of glory before the listless eyes of John. Ah! the Army was the place for your strong, clever fellow—above all for the well educated, handsome giant that John showed himself to be; nowhere was promotion quicker or surer, particularly then, in times of war; the life was noble, healthy, manly; the girls ran wild after you.

"I say, Sergeant," John broke in, "leave the girls alone, me son. Ye'll not tempt me wi' them. Damn them! say I."

The sergeant looked hard at the young man; then winked knowingly, called for more drink, and went on with 'his skillful tappings on the drum of Fame. Ah! the sport soldiers had, the free and easy life—no troubles, no cares, plenty of food and drink, plenty of devilment; and at the end a glorious return to friends and home!

"Niver heed that either, Sergeant," said John. "There's no home for me now, nor friends. I'm done wi' them all, damn 'em! one and all. Devil cares! Out wi' your shillin', me son, an' pass the liquor."

So John took the shilling, and at sight of it lying bright in his palm, an idea came to him—a brilliant idea, he was sure (as, indeed, it was bound to be, being born of anger and recklessness and the fumes of recruiting whisky), one which made him slap his leg and laugh loud, and vow that the army was soon to receive a thundering comical dog.

"Easy a while, Sergeant," said he; "take another glass till I write a scrap. Hi, there! more drink, an' that paper an' ink as fast as ye can. Now easy, Sergeant, easy! I'll not be a tick, for the words are on the tip o' me tongue. Whisht, now, an' do n't spoil sport," said John, as, spreading his elbows and calling to his face a smile of supreme satisfaction, he began a letter; presently finished it, and with the shilling enclosed it in an envelope.

"Now, Sergeant," said he, and set a great flourish beneath the superscription on the cover; "now, me son, I'm ready. Ye see that letter? well, that's the finest joke I ever made—the very finest." God forgive him, how often afterwards, when lying weary and home-sick under foreign skies, did he think with wondering shame of that heartless joke? "Man! when that comes to the right place it'll make the man dance with rage—ay, and serve him right for wha' he's done to me. Ay, ay! Och, och! but Irishmen are the play-boys, full o' fun they are. No more drink? Come on; just one! Well, well, then, off we go—off for death or glory."

So the two swaggered out; and half-way down Main Street, just as John was turning into the post-office, a little figure in black ran from a shop door and caught him by the sleeve.

"Aw, Sur, Sur," said Mary the servant, "ye have n't done it? Ye have n't 'listed? Och! don't say it! It'll brek me—me. Och, no!"

The sergeant laughed knowingly and turned away. "The same old story," thought he.

"Ay, Mary," answered John, "I'm off—off to the wars, me girl. The morrow or next day 'll see me in scarlet red. But what brings you here, Mary?"

Mary's eyes fell.

"Ah," said she, "I—I—Master sent me a message. Ah! no, Sur," she went on, "do n't go. The Master 'll forgive ye. Come back, Mr. John. Ah! do, Sur, for God's sake!"

John laughed down at the serious little freckled face.

"No, no," said he, "there's no forgiveness for me, now, an' I want none. Good-bye, Mary, an'—look here, take this letter to father. Just give it to him an' say nothin'. Good-bye, Mary; safe home, an' God be with ye!"

"Ah, no, no, Sur! Ah, no, no! I can't bear it. Ah, God ha' mercy! He's gone, he's gone, an' niver, niver will I see his face again! Ah! Mr. John, Mr. John, come back to me, come back!"

But John went on up Barrack Hill on his way to glory.

Some time that same day a tax-cart, driven by an old man, as it turned off into the Bunn Road, was met by a young girl. She snatched at the reins.

"Mr. Hewitt," she said, "I want John. Where is he?"

The old man looked down into the girl's pitiful face, all pale and worn with weeping. So this was John's sweetheart! this was the girl who had made him curse John and disown him and turn him out of doors! A bonnie lass she was, too; a bonnie lass. . . .

"John?" he answered. "John? I dunno where he is—I have n't seen him since yesterday. Have n't you, my lass?"

"Yes, yes; but he left me; went away in anger; an' he said I'd never see him again. Oh, Sir, Sir! what has come to him?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders and turned away his

face. "God knows, lass!" he said. "God knows!" And once again, for the hundredth time that morning, there flashed before his eyes the picture of John as he had seen him in a dream at daybreak that morning, holding out his arms and begging for forgiveness, begging that the curse might be taken off his head and that he might be given shelter in his own home—then, with a great cry, turning away, and with his face in his hands go out through the open door. Yes, God knew; and God had sent him that dream to warn him of his sins; and now—now was God's swift justice about to show him that repentance had come all too late? He turned his face again, and looked down at Rachel. "Come, lass," said he, "jump up. I dunno where John is; but jump up, maybe we'd both find him."

So these two, John's father and his sweetheart, drove on together towards Bunn town, and half-way there Mary the servant stopped them, and delivered John's letter.

Very deliberately—for there was something like dread on his heart—the old man put down the reins and tore open the envelope. A coin dropped out, jingled on the bottom of the cart, rolled out upon the road, and was picked up by Mary the servant. Slowly the old man read the letter, then, without a word, handed it to Rachel.

"Dear Sir (she read).—Before you kicked me out of your house you swore you would cut me off with a shilling. As I know you would begrudge me even that, and as I have no wish to be beholden to you for anything, I herewith enclose twelve pence sterling, being the amount which you have decided to leave me under the terms of your new will. I may add that the money has just been handed to me by one George Brown, recruiting sergeant of one of Her Majesty's Regiments of Foot.—Yours, John Hewitt."

"P. S.—You will never see my face again."

"Never see his face again!" cried Rachel. "Never!"

"Niver see his face again!" cried Mary the servant.
"No, Sur, is that what Mr. John says? Niver see his face again!"

The old man picked up the reins and turned for home.

"No," he said, "I do n't suppose we ever will."

And they never did; for in the wars John's portion was not glory.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.



THE LAY OF THE LOST HERO

I

HOW sweet it was in by-gone times, upon a leisure day,
To take a novel from the shelf and while the hours
away ;

And with our kindly author-guide to wander hand in hand
Among the many winding paths of love's own fairy-land :
How sweet to toss the world aside, and in that freer air
Forget that there existed aught but beauty anywhere ;
To feel the cool, delicious wind blow on us fresh and strong,
And watch the troop of men and maids trip merrily along !

What matter if a cloud appeared in that serene blue sky ?
It lasted but a moment's space and then passed lightly by.
What matter if some thorns there were in paths true love
must tread ?

We knew that there were thornless flowers of happiness
ahead.

Yea, though Sir Villain plot his worst and steep himself in
crime,

His efforts, it was safe to say, were but a waste of time ;
For always, in love's fairy-land, of one thing we are sure,
Whatever woes the faithful pair of lovers may endure,

Kind Fate will let the hero win
The beautiful young heroine.

II

Now, sad to say, this all is changed. Our novel-reading
hours

We can no longer spend among those paths bestrewn with
flowers,

But, dragged into a wilderness, we soon have lost our way,
Entangled in that thicket dense, the Problem of the Day.

Our hero, gay and brave before, has vanished with a sigh,
Which is not strange when we perceive the Heroine near by,
For how can this poor youth exist (e'en though he should
prefer)

With qualities, both good and bad, monopolized by Her?

One grand, gigantic Form alone comes slowly moving on;
All others shrink to nothingness beside this Amazon.

What does She want with heroes, pray, when Her deter-
mined plan

Consists in showing to the world the wickedness of man?

Yet e'en our friend, the villain bold, must think it hardly
fair

That he is forced to sin his sins with such an humble air.

Ah! hopeless is the task indeed, and pitiable the fate

Of him who dares attempt to write a novel up to date,

For with the modern heroine
You *can not* get a hero in.

C. E. GREEN.



A TRICK O' TRADE

STRANGER, I'm a *separate* man an' I do n't inquisite into no man's business—but you ax me straight an' I tell ye straight. You watch ole Tom!

Now, I'll take ole Tom Perkins' word agin anybody's 'ceptin' when hit comes to a hoss trade ur a piece o' land. Fer in the tricks o' sech, ole Tom 'lows—well, hit's diff'ent an' I reckon, stranger, as how hit sorter is. He was a-stayin' at Tom's house—the furriner was-a-dickerin' fer a piece o' lan'—the same piece, mebbe, that you're atter now—an' Tom's keeps him thar fer a week to beat him out 'n a dollar an' then won't let him pay nary a cent fer his boa'd. Now, stranger, that's Tom.

Well, Abe Shivers was a-workin' fer Tom—you've heerd tell o' Abe—an' the furriner was n't more 'n half gone afore Tom seed that Abe was up to some of his *devilment*. Abe kin hatch up more *devilment* in a minit than Satan hisself kin in a week; so Tom jes got Abe out 'n the stable under a hoe-handle an' tol' him to tell the whole thing straight ur he'd have to go to glory right thar. An' Abe tol'.

'Pears like Abe had foun' a streak o' ore on the lan' an' had racked his jimy right down to Hazlan an' tol' the furriner who was thar a buyin' wild lands right an' left. Co'se, Abe was goin' to make the furriner whack up fer gittin' the lan' so cheap. Well, brother, the furriner come up to Tom's an' got Tom into one o' them new-fangled trades whut the furriners calls a option—t' other feller kin git out'n hit, but you can't. The furriner 'lowed he'd sen' his podner up thar next day to put the thing in writin' an' close up the trade. Hit looked like ole Tom was ketched fer shore, an' ef Tom did n't ra'r I'd tell a man. He jes let that hoe-handle drap on Abe fer haffen hour, jes' to give him time to study, an' next day thar was ole Tom a-settin' on his orchard

fence a-lookin' mighty unknowin', when the furriner's podner come a-prancin' up an' axed ef ole Tom Perkins lived thar.

Ole Tom jes whispers.

Now, I clean fergot to tell ye, stranger, that Abe Shivers nuver could talk out loud. He tol' so many lies that the Lawd—jes' to make things even—sorter fixed Abe, I reckon, so he couldn' lie on more'n one side o' the river at a time. Ole Tom jes' knowed t' other furriner had tol' this un 'bout Abe, an' shore 'nough the feller says, sorter soft, says he :

"Aw, you air the feller whut foun' the ore?"

Ole Tom jes' whispers: "Thar hain't none thar."

Stranger, the feller mos' fell off'n his hoss. "Whut?" says he. Ole Tom kep' a-whisperin': "Thar hain't no coal—no nothing; ole Tom Perkins made me tell t' other furriner them lies."

Well sir, the feller *was* mad. "Jes' whut I tol' that fool podner of mine," he says, an' he pull out a dollar an' gives hit to Tom. Tom jes' sticks out his han' with his thum' turned in jes so, an' the furriner says, "Well, ef you can't talk, you kin make purty good signs;" but he forks over four mo' dollers (he 'lowed ole Tom had saved him a pile o' money) an' turns his hoss an' pulls up agin. He was a-gittin' the land so durned cheap that I reckon he jes' hated to let hit go, an' he says, says he: 'Well, hain't the groun' rich? Won't hit raise no tabaccy ner corn nur nothin'?'

Ole Tom jes whispers:

"To tell you the pint blank truth, stranger, that land's so durned pore that I hain't nuver been able to raise my voice."

Now, brother, I'm a *separate* man, an' I do n't inquizite into no man's business—but you ax me straight an' I tell ye straight. Ole Tom Perkins kin trade with furriners, fer he hav' larned their ways. You watch ole Tom!

JOHN FOX, JR.

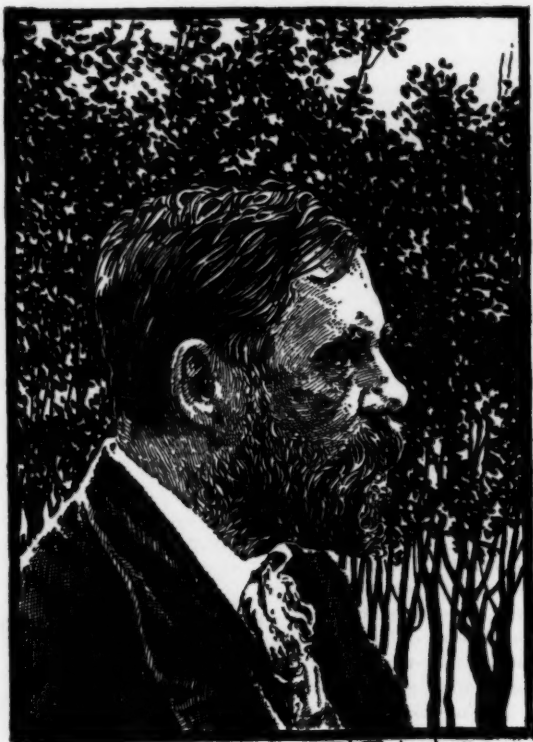


¶ On the morning of All Fool's Day, when I had carefully read through a newspaper two weeks old and found it more interesting than usual, I fell to wondering how many old books I would call modernest of the modern could I read them now for the first time.

First I remembered that I had always thought the Golden Ass of Apuleius more decadent than anything from the modern French. Then, naturally enough, latter-day Paris furnished me with an illustration.

In America fifteen years ago the wayward sons and daughters of almost every orthodox family were devouring Emerson. Now, whether it be that children are less wayward or families less orthodox, almost no young people are reading him. In like manner Carlyle was read voraciously, and is not now. The American youth would air his French and say: "C'est déjà de l'ancienne histoire, tout cela." Yet in Paris "Sartor Resartus" is running as a serial in a *revue jeune* of the most advanced type; another magazine prints Emerson every issue, and Maeterlinck, himself the last word of the later decadence, has published a whole volume translated from our own Concord philosopher.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



Fred Richardson

HAROLD FREDERIC

¶ If Richard Harding Davis is not careful, the Czarina of Russia may have him kidnapped, before the approaching coronation, and crowned instead of her spouse Nicholas. It will be remembered that the Princess Aline, his disappointed heroine, who sighed over Mr. Gibson's drawing of that Adonis, was intended for the present Russian consort. And Mr. Davis is in Europe.

¶ My incidental reference in the last CHAP-BOOK to "The Portuguese Grammar" has brought to my knowledge the fact that no one apparently knows this classic of the ridiculous, which Mark Twain says "will never die while the English language lasts." "Whatsoever is *perfect* in its kind in literature," he says, "is imperishable; nobody can add to the absurdity of this book, nobody can imitate it successfully, nobody can hope to produce its fellow; it is perfect, it must and will stand alone: its immortality is secure." What the book is I must leave the author himself to explain, quoting from the preface:

"A choice of *familiar dialogues*, clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious Portuguese and Brazilian Youth; and also to persons of other nations, that wish to know the Portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and divising the present little work in two parts. * * * * We did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to English and Portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the Portuguese pupils, or—foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms.

"We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idiotisms, proverbs, and to second a coin's index. * * *

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction), that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

I find a difficulty in choosing from the many "idiotisms," but I find a few dialogues suited to the season, and to the world of books.

DIALOGUE 26

THE FISHING

"That pond it seems to me many multiplied of fishes.

"Let us amuse rather to the fishing.

"I do like—it too much.

"Here there is a wand and some hooks. * * *

"I desire that you may be more happy and more skillful who a certain fisher, what have fished all day without to can take nothing."

DIALOGUE 31

THE BOOKS AND OF THE READING

"What read you there?

"A romance wrote very well, translated of the English entitled the independent. * * *

"Are you in reach of the good literature?

"I think to have read everything what have some reputation.

"Do you like the reading good deal too many which seem me?"

Does not the last question express a mood which we all know? I feel like putting the question to the public every time I see a bookseller's table weighted down with hundreds of new books.

RIDDLE

2. There was a sight near Charing Cross,
A creature almost like a horse,
But when I came the beast to see
The head was where the Tail should be.



- A. It is a Mare tied with her tail to the Manger.

From "The True Trial of Understanding ; or, Wit Newly Reviv'd. Being a Book of Riddles adorned with a variety of Pictures."

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT



From "The History of Joseph and His Brethren."

¶ At last we have a new thing, and, oddly enough, in the ranks of "miniature magazines," as they are called by the press.

"*Knots*" is a magazine of puzzles, and it introduced me to a new and strange world, the world of puzzle inventors. Instead of novelist and poet, I read about the anagram-maker, the master of rebuses and riddles, and the contriver of word squares. It appears that one may achieve much vogue and great fame in this branch of intellectual activity.

I confess to have felt a sense of shame when I realized that names totally unknown to me, such as Maud Lynn, H. S. Nut, A. L. S., were mentioned with all the reverence due to the masters of literature.

Listen to this anecdote, and compare it with many others you know of the early life of literary celebrities.

"The Bostonians are anticipating a visit by Cloves. It was years ago that Cloves and Spbinx and Ernest sat in Kendall's parlor at Allston and talked of word squares and diamonds and such vanities. Ernest was a puzzleistic exalte in those days. In his heart he knew that all Puzzledom was talking of his latest achievements in form building. He knew that Fame had taken him as one of her own and contentment filled him. He took little part in the conversation, however, and finally Cloves noticed it. He swung around and said kindly, 'You don't do much form building, do you?' And a lump arose in Ernest's throat as he answered, 'Very little.'"

In this submerged tenth of puzzle-makers there are all the figures we find in the greater world of letters, the conventional cowardly editor, the puzzle-maker of great renown but no real merit, and best of all, the young puzzler, talented and impatient of dullness, who prints his would-be caustic satire in a monthly booklet. No such reductio ad absurdum of the pamphleteering craze was ever found as this following:

"Puzzledom is getting into ruts up to the hubs of the wheels that are buzzing so busily in the heads of some of its devotees. Closer and closer it is hedging the field of its workers. The responsibility of this lies with editors. Because they care for no form work save sentimental charades all the genius of Puzzledom is concentrated on these.

"The anagram is almost forgotten and the cryptogram is neglected, save by a few staunch admirers. No neater puzzles ever eluded the wits of men.

"Originality is nowhere. Because a puzzler bases a word square on ZEMSTVO, which has not hitherto been used, because he makes a ballad to his mistress' Psyche knot instead of her eyebrow and tucks in "glove" here and "love" there and marks it decapitation, we call it a "puzzle" and "original." Not since Skeeziks invented arithmonoma have we had anything out of the ordinary. Oh, for a Moses to lead us into a new light."

¶ A clergyman writes to ask whether I publish a magazine giving aid and advice to young Western authors, and intimates that he will be much gratified if such be the case. By aid I suppose he does not mean out-door relief, and of course the CHAP-BOOK is not a charitable institution. Such aid and encouragement as I can give is chiefly printing the young Western author's writings when they seem good enough. If the young Western author fails to obtain his quota of aid it is because he is too young and too Western, and not enough of an author.

Advice, however, is another matter, and I gladly give it. In fact, from the number of manuscripts which come in, I am inclined to believe that there are as many would-be contributors to the CHAP-BOOK as there are readers. So I ought to be sure of careful attention from a large proportion of my audience.

First of all I should say to the young author, be not proud beyond measure. The inexperienced writer, whose book has about one chance in a thousand of ever being published, writes in something like this style :

"Messrs. ———, ———.

"Gentlemen :—

"I have just completed a story of about 75,000 words which I am thinking of having published. I have been much pleased with the character of your work, and I there-

fore ask whether you would issue my novel? If so, what terms do you pay?

"Yours very truly,

"_____

"P. S.—If you care to examine the MS. I can send it on to you."

It is easy to see how this does not prepossess a publisher in favor of the author and his manuscript.

Second, I should say to the young author that the publisher is not always a ravening wolf. It is well enough to be cautious, but it is next to impossible for him to tell how much he can pay for a book until he knows that he cares to pay anything for it. The author, therefore, should not exact a contract, with his profits calculated to a nicety, before permitting the publisher even to see his manuscript.

The other day a man called up a certain publisher over the long-distance telephone, and the following conversation took place:

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is this Mr. —?"

"Yes."

"This is Dr. Edward Rogers of Sioux City."

"Yes."

"How long ought a novel to be to be the right length for publishing?"

"Oh, there's nothing fixed about it. Anything from thirty-five to one hundred thousand words will do."

"How much do you pay a word?"

"We don't pay by the word. It is usually a royalty."

"Well, I'll send on my story in a couple of days. Good-bye." And he rang off.

The next morning a telegram heralded Dr. Rogers' approach; at 11:30 promptly he arrived, and, dashing into

Mr. —'s private office, promptly removed his coat and cheerfully planted himself in a chair.

"Are you ready to die a-laughing?" was his prelude to conversation. "You will die before you get through hearing this story of mine." With this he produced a manuscript.

"Yes," replied Mr. —; "but I shall probably not hear the story to-day."

"No? Well, now, over the telephone the other day you said something about royalties. Now, what, since the first of January, has been the average profit made by your books?"

"I am afraid I could n't exactly tell."

"Well, has it been a dollar a word?"

"No, indeed!" cried the horror-stricken publisher, going on to murmur something about Mr. Gladstone and the *Cosmopolitan*.

"You do n't pay a dollar a word? The *Wild-Cat* does."

"The *Wild-Cat* does, does it? I never heard of it."

It finally appeared that the *Black Cat*, the *Chicago Record* and the *New York Herald* were all paying a dollar a word. Dr. Rogers could not think of leaving his manuscript, and departed within three minutes of his arrival.

Now, should he fail of publication in the periodicals he named, and return to this publisher, he will doubtless find a certain prejudice against him and his work. In fact, C. Felix Tommy La Font once told me that he firmly believed that his own unbending attitude was the cause of Harper Brothers rejecting his now well-known drama, "The Frin-cess of Zelda."



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